

THE JOURNAL.

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THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair, with light westerly winds.

Will the Utah Senators bring with them the key to open the Senate deadlock?

The consolidation that the politicians like least is the coming consolidation of city departments.

Senator Brice says that McKinley has a good following in his section. But there does not seem to be any one following Brice.

The ladies devoted to woman suffrage have more than one hundred clubs organized in thirty-one States, besides a few in store for Congressmen who don't accept the idea readily enough.

The highly unimportant, if true, information is cable to America that Lord Salisbury passed Joseph Chamberlain in Pall Mall one day last week, but was so absorbed with his own thoughts that he did not recognize him.

Since some of New York's Aldermen want to regulate cycling by requiring the use of brakes on wheels, it would not be surprising if the eminent City Fathers would endeavor to legislate against the bicycle race.

It now appears that the row in the Reichstag, which nearly culminated in a duel between two eminent German statesmen, owed its climax to the fact that Baron von Bult-Berenberg, the President, who was in the chair at the time, is deaf, and did not know of the words war in time to stop it at the outbreak. If Kaiser Wilhelm is afraid of a re-occurrence of the affair, he might prevail on the United States to lend the Fatherland Tom Reed, whose ears and eyesight are beyond reproach.

A CASE OF HONOR.

A great deal has been heard in and out of Congress, during the last few weeks, concerning the honor of the United States. The time is near at hand when our national lawmakers will be called upon to show just exactly how much they think of that honor, and whether they are willing that it should be tarnished by the derogation of solemn treaties made under such circumstances that they are peculiarly binding and sacred. They will have to face an issue which cannot be dodged. It is whether the Government of the United States shall allow the Indian Territory to be overrun by white men, the five civilized tribes who hold their less advanced brethren under their guardianship to be overwhelmed by the rude and reckless prosperity of the frontier, and a new territorial domain called "Indianola" to be set up, in the hope that in due time it may apply for admission to the great family of States. If this were to be done, it would be a deliberate and inexcusable breach of faith which would result in the extermination of certain noble Indian tribes, and would nullify treaties extending from the time when the Cherokees, Choctaws and others were removed from their ancient homes in the Southern States to the wild lands beyond the Mississippi down to the present day.

The act of Congress of 1830 which authorized the President of the United States, in making exchanges of lands, "to assure the tribe or nation with which the exchange was made that the United States would forever secure and guarantee to them, and their heirs or successors, the country so exchanged with them," was enacted in solemn earnest. The subsequent treaties in the same sense cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be supposed to have been burlesques or deceptive documents. It was meant that the Indian Territory, as it is known to-day, should be a distinct "nation"—a refuge for the red man; a bulwark against white pioneering. It was not meant that after a time an "Oklahoma" should be whittled out of it, and a "Cherokee Strip" taken away from it. Uncle Sam was an immense gainer by the exchange, and he could well afford to yield "forever" a little corner of his vast Western domain to these 65,000 people who desired to work toward civilization in their own way, holding their lands in common. Rich with annuities arising from the sale of land in the past to Uncle Sam, they have nothing to ask of anybody save to be left alone.

That is what the delegation from the Indian Territory which has just arrived in Washington has come to ask. It wants to be left alone. A century and a half ago the tribes which it represents began their dealings with the white man, and it is only in the present generation that he has been found making light of his word. They intend to ask that the conclusions of the Dawes Commission, which was created early in 1893 to examine into the Indian Territory, and which reported in favor of abrogating the solemn treaties, be reconsidered. They mean to protest,

so loudly that all the world shall hear, against being wiped out of existence by the extinguishment of the national or tribal title to any lands whatsoever. They claim that the politicians of the Southwest have established a political conspiracy against them. The last cry of the red man, like the "last sigh of the Moor," will have all the eloquence of racial anguish in it. It will be heard. The outrage will not be consummated without the utterance of "Shame!" by thousands of voices throughout the country. Let this nation look to its honor. It is in danger. Congress and the President must defend it.

The fact that Senators and Representatives have been more dignified during the present session of Congress than hitherto can only be explained on the theory that a majority have hopes of the Presidential lightning coming their way.

KIND WORDS FROM JOSEPH.

They touch us deeply. They do indeed. They are all the more welcome because they were a trifle unexpected. The fact is that we were the innocent means of causing Mr. Chamberlain a good deal of annoyance and some little chagrin. The warning to keep off the grass was uttered in stentorian tones, because the trespasser seemed almost beyond the reach of our voice. But now that the surprise is over Joseph does not lay it up against us. He even admits that we rightly hold the Monroe Doctrine to be most important to our own security. To his own constituents at Birmingham he tells this.

Furthermore, he yearns for an Anglo-American alliance. There, now! Joseph's heart is in the right place. He doesn't propose to ask for the impossible. It was not merely a little "try on." Great Britain would not for worlds have a single inch of American territory beyond what she rightfully possesses. Oh, dear, no! Quite contrary to her principles. Perish the thought of the Schomburgk line. Let us be friendly with our Transatlantic cousins, he cries. They are about the only friends we have left. Let us take our Imperial Federation policy off the American grass.

A good, a virtuous Joseph. And one who doesn't get angry when found trespassing. He apologizes, and seeks another ground for sport.

The Illinois Democrats are going to support Morrison and Altgeld, although they sometimes find the latter insupportable.

RESUBMISSION.

It is hard to understand what they anti-Consolidationists mean when they say, as in the hearing before the Legislative Committee on Saturday, that the last vote on Greater New York was a fraud. In what sense and how? It was a vote at a regular municipal election which had unusual publicity because of the many important issues involved. There was a special ballot printed for it, and the attention of any voter who neglected it was carefully called to it. Many people declined to vote on the important matter, but that simply showed their lack of public spirit. There entered no element of fraud into the voting from first to last.

The people who want resubmission want it because they do not want union with New York City. They are not very numerous, and may be described as the surviving old-timers, who are tormented by a fear lest the individuality of Brooklyn may disappear—merged in the fame of the metropolis. Dr. Storrs is the spokesman of this class. During his public life in the city he has seen Brooklyn grow from sixty thousand to eleven hundred thousand in population; multiplying four times faster than the population of New York, and he wishes to see the race continued until Brooklyn is the larger city of the two. Then perhaps he would propose to annex us to the city beyond the stream. He clamors against the men who care nothing for Brooklyn because they have never worked for it. He blames them for considering Brooklyn merely a convenience.

This is all natural and honorable sentiment, but based on a misconception. Brooklyn will be Brooklyn in all its essential and salient characteristics a hundred years after the union of the cities has taken place. The experience of other unified cities proves this. And this conviction is so general that, if the Legislature accords resubmission, the result will be just the same as in 1894.

Kaiser Wilhelm says that he means to raise 300,000,000 marks to build a navy larger than England. He will be a man of mark and marks, too, if he does that.

SAVE THE PALISADES.

All along the western shore of the Hudson under the Palisades little tongues of land jut into the stream, dividing the margin into shallow bays. These transverse ridges, usually so hidden by grass and shrubbery as to be invisible a little distance away, mark where in years gone by the quarries have run their flimsy stagings and have dumped refuse chips of rock to either side.

So long as the quarries worked in a small way among the loose blocks at the foot of the cliffs, little damage was done that could not be soon concealed by kindly Nature; but the modern attack upon the Palisades wields more murderous weapons, raising away every

tree and shrub and attacking the sheer rock itself with high explosives. The substance of the wall, thirty miles long, nearly four hundred feet high and of varying thickness, will stand forever, but it is comparatively easy to strip off its fringe of green, dry up its cool springs, destroy the plashing waterfalls and wreck the mossy amphitheatres of cool shade and circling stone. And this is what will be done if the havoc is not checked.

Fortunately there is evidence that the people of New Jersey are alive to the danger. A bill in the State Legislature urges the protection of the Palisades against mutilation, and the Legislatures of both this State and New Jersey recommend the cession of the Palisades and a vast tract extending back from them to the United States for a military park.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow says that the German Emperor did not refuse him an audience, because he did not ask for any; and that ought to settle the controversy.

A CONGRESSIONAL ORCHESTRA.

Congress should settle a question that is perplexing the nation by dismissing its chaplain and hiring an orchestra. Chaplains were all right so long as they confined their supplications to requests for wisdom in affairs in general, but since the present incumbent has been specifying the subjects in which Divine guidance is asked his office has apparently become that of news enunciator to proclaim an abbreviated report of Congressional doings for the benefit of the Recording Angel.

It is not to be expected, of course, that Congressmen should immediately go to work after entering the Capitol building; so if devotional exercises must be abolished because of the ambition of chaplains, it might be a good plan to engage an orchestra and substitute a musical programme for prayers.

Such as "Hail, Columbia," "Yankee Doodle" and "America" would arouse the patriotism of the statesmen, and the course of each day's proceedings could be relieved of dullness by interjecting selections like "Sally in Our Alley" and "The Band Played On" between tariff speeches and committee reports.

The price of maintaining an orchestra would not be great, but if Congress feels that the outlay would cause criticism, it might consider organizing one from its membership. Surely there are enough musicians in the House willing to do all they can to entertain their comrades to make up the complement, and if any competent man should hesitate, the argument that music is more potent than oratory in influencing mankind would probably induce him to work for the position. Indeed, it is not improbable that Speaker Reed would ask for the distinction of being leader, and, if selected, it would not be long before he would have all in the House dancing to his music.

It is probable that Mr. Charles Miller, who is described in the dispatches to the newspapers as a "prominent citizen" of Florida, Illinois, will not go on a spree in Cincinnati again for some time. Mr. Miller, in pursuit of vicious pleasures in the town mentioned last week, waked up on Wednesday morning to discover that he was penniless. He was too proud to send home for money, and so decided to steal a ride thither. He got into an empty freight car, which a railroad employee promptly locked, and which was opened again on Thursday evening in St. Louis. Mr. Miller emerged from the car very cold, very hungry, very tired, and very stiff; and his pride being in a measure abated, he telegraphed for \$100, and yesterday started in a sleeping car for Florida, Illinois, where he will now undoubtedly be a more prominent citizen than ever.

If Ahlwardt, the "Jew bather," had been treated with the silent contempt that he and his mission deserve, since his arrival in this country, nobody would have known of his presence here except those persons who were unfortunate enough to come into direct personal contact with him. As it is, we never hear of him until some of his enemies bring him into prominence by threatening to break up the meetings he addresses, which necessitates his calling on the police for assistance, and thus getting his name in the newspapers. Ahlwardt's crusade has fallen flat enough as it is. It would be even flatter if all the people he antagonizes had the sense possessed by most of them, and left him to the obscurity that he deserves.

The facility which modern civilization affords for what used to be called "Leading a Double Life" in the country newspapers, until Robert Louis Stevenson afforded the headline artists an alternative in "A Jekyll and Hyde Existence," is again illustrated in the news of the day. Charles B. Atwood, one of the best-known and most successful of American architects, who designed the residences of some of the wealthiest of our citizens, and with D. H. Burnham, who is also dead, had as much to do as any one man with the artistic success of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, had been known to his most intimate friends all his life as a bachelor. Now that he is dead, leaving an estate valued at half a million dollars, it turns out that he had been married for more than ten years, and that his wife, with whom he had had a quarrel, has been a professional singer on the stage since their separation. And the only evidence his astonished friends, who believe him to have always been a bachelor, have that he is not a married man is that he never told them that he was married.

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The Story of the Lost Pocketbook.

"Honesty is the best policy," observed the girl in the boucle gown.

"And whose copybook have you been studying?" asked the girl in the chiffon waist.

"Such experience has taught me, my dear. Fact is, I have decided to write an article for the Weekly Parasels on 'How Not to Manage a Father!'"

"Have you? I thought perhaps you were rehearsing some witty impromptu speeches for a literary tea or a musicale. By the way, have you seen Elizabeth's new Paris gown?"

"No; I hope to be spared that—I shall die before I do. I suppose she is puffed in it, as usual?"

"Puffed? No, dear; unpuffed. I call it. But you were going to say?"

"That when you want money, it is best to ask for it outright."

"Pooh; while you are dispensing wisdom you might as well tell me something I don't know. Not long ago I was penniless and wanted a lot of flowers, so I told my brother I was busy, and asked him to stop in and order them up, thinking, of course, that he'd pay for them."

"And didn't he?"

"No; sent them up c. o. d.—how I do hate people who impose on their own flesh and blood! Are you going to Gertrude's yellow dinner on Thursday?"

"Not unless I am seized with the jaundice in the interval. It is my only chance of appearing in the proper but."

"But I thought you were to buy a gown for it when you went shopping yesterday?"

"I thought so, too. I went and selected a lovely piece of brocade for it, then screwed up my courage by snubbing Elsie, who was with me. Flushed with victory, I dashed over to papa's office to ask him for the money. You know, I always choose to go there to prefer such requests, for his partner, a rich old bachelor, has been paying me a great deal of attention lately, and papa dares not accuse me of extravagance in his presence."

"You had better not go too often, though, or he will find out that you are extravagant without being told."

"That's all you know, silly. I usually say the money is for charity—don't look at me in that fashion, don't, it is not polite; and, besides, everybody knows that true charity begins at home. Well, I went to the office, and, wasn't it too provoking, papa was out, and the typewriter didn't know when he would be in!"

"Then why under the blue canopy didn't you borrow the money from the partner? Your father would have to pay it back with a good grace, and what does a little scolding amount to after you have gotten what you want?"

"I couldn't. He was out, too. However, on the way back to the shop I found that I had lost my pocketbook; then I knew that I was saved!"

"What! you had lost all the money you had? It seems to me that you are developing symptoms of insanity!"

"How stupid you are not to understand! Don't you see, I ordered the brocade sent home, to be paid for on delivery—and I got a more expensive piece than I'd have dared to under other circumstances. Then I telephoned to papa's partner, inviting him up to dinner that evening."

"Oh! I begin to see daylight now! You are really a clever girl, dear, though nobody would suspect it."

"Thank you! I hope I'm clever enough to conceal it, as a rule. I went home, then, and made a charming toilet. I met papa at the door, took his coat, kissed him and mentioned that Mr. Bonds was coming to dinner; that put him in a good humor at once."

"I should think it ought to, unless he was very unreasonable or had the rheumatism."

"M'm'm! Just as we got into the parlor the bell rang, and—"

"It was the old bachelor, of course, with his hair carefully brushed over the shiny spot."

"No. It was my package, with \$25 due on it. I burst into tears, and told papa that after ordering it I had lost my pocketbook, and what in the world should his little girl do? He looked thoughtful a moment; then put his hand in his pocket, when—"

"He found that it was empty? What a shame after you had had all that trouble, too!"

"No. I turned and saw Mr. Bonds, who had come in while I was explaining. He was holding out my lost pocketbook and saying, 'I see I am just in time. I found this on the office floor just after you had left to-day, Miss Hullah. Your card is in it, so I brought it with me. So glad to be of any service to you! Oh, I thought I should die!'"

"But I don't see why, when—"

"Don't you? The amount due on the package was \$25, and in that pocketbook there was just \$1.19!"

Which One?

[New Haven Palladium.]

A Washington paper learns that "one of the Vermont Commissioners is not regarded favorably by England." If he can be identified he will be regarded even more favorably here.

When a racing tipster

"Dr." Bull Perry, a full-blooded Indian, residing in the Watpa Reservation, near Fall River, Mass., died recently. He was seventy-six years old. He claimed to be the last of the Narragansetts, but in reality was the last of a tribe that refused to join King Philip in the war against the whites.

Few of the rulers of Europe play cards except as a pastime. The King of Italy detests cards and will not take them in his hand, it is said, owing to the fact that his father wasted hours over them. The Emperor of Austria plays a few innocent games. Since the death of Alfonso XII, card playing has been forbidden at the Court of Spain. Emperor William also frowns upon cards, and never plays excepting when on a fishing trip.

Joseph Cook is still at the Clifton Springs Sanitarium. He is getting into a condition of rest and repair, and is taking considerable nourishment, showing some signs of improvement.

The "tallest man alive," Colonel A. A. Powell, once of Texas, but for many years of Barman's Circus, and the world, is looking for a job as a bookkeeper in a store in St. Louis. Mr. Powell is thirty-four years old and stands seven feet seven and a half inches in his stockings. He is the show business was strong and didn't pay, all things considered.

Rev. J. Manning Dunaway, pastor of the Baptist church at Accomac Court House, Holles and Harborton, Va., requests his friends not to let a new book called "The New Bible" be sold in the store which he finds the word "revelation" but once in the English Bible, and then it is applied to God.

Miss Balfour says in her book that she saw in Dr. Jameson the hardest working man in South Africa, a firm ruler and humane reclamer of the native race.

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Kicker O'Mullin Condoles with Tim Campbell.

Washington, Jan. 26.—Well, well! Well! So Miner downs Tim Campbell and puts a cork boots to him. Of course, I stand in to the congratulations. I chase up to Miner an' confers on to him the glad hand an' the cheery face, an' he acknowledges d' comp an' sets up the weeds.

After we've fumigated a while an' chins about Miss's victory, I tells him, t' make all even, I'll screw me not over an' condole with Tim.

"Do," says Miner. "Do so, Mul. Campbell's a dead good little dufer, an' although I can do him in a walk when it comes to statecraft an' graftin' round in politics, I don't care to scratch the enamel off his heart or dump a load of coal on to his feelings. So, go youse, Mul, an' cheer him up, an' tell him Harry Miner'll pop a cork about it, an' to pull on his skates an' come over."

Goin' to see Campbell is different from blowin' in on Miner—see! Campbell's got it in the neck an' alint in no humor for a jolly.

To match his feelings I drapes me deer in crape, pulls a mug full of mourn an' takes him be th' duke. I'm oolin' sympathy when I carroms on Campbell.

"I says, 'tho mucker thrum you down an' went over you as dead cold an' callous as an ice wagon."

"He did, indeed," says Tim. "But I was lookin' for it. Me peeps was wide open, an' I was leary of the worst from the jump."

"Youse'll lay for him next time?" I asks.

"Will I lay for him?" replies Tim, givin' me th' beatin' hand. "Oh, no! I want to do it to Miner next time. Mul, I've got me chances embalm'd, an' next Congressional election I'll trim Miner like a Christmas tree. I'm befoen now, Mul, but me patience is me refuge, an' me hopes is only deferred."

"How was it they thrum the soup into you, Tim?" I says, 't was in me mind you had a clench—the sucker dead to rights."

"It was the newspapers," says Tim. "They was always gettin' bechum me lower extremities an' thrippin' me up. These dubs doin' the writin' would go penetratin' round in the push, an' then they'd print an interview with me. See! An', Mul, they'd put words in me mouth I never uttered an' give 'em a meanin' I never intinded. Such 'whorbs' as such stiffs got me fairly nutty."

"One bloke," goes on Tim, "who's always givin' me the royal jelly, an' prettindin' to be me frind—an' him gaffin' me an' doin' the double-cross act right along—what does this porch-climber do but fake up a story about me an' the Pres'dent. The Pres'dent, says this felly, tuk me be th' fin an' inquires me health an' whether I'm robust an' hearty."

"I'm not, Mr. Pres'dent," this duck makes me reply. "I'm not. I'm sick to th' stomach of bein' croaked. Me system is full of insomnia."

"An' the worst of it is," says Campbell, "the Pres'dent makes no such bluff, nor was me system full of insomnia or anything but ardor for th' party, see! But there was thim who blieved this story an' it didn't do Timothy Justinian Campbell, war chief of the Glorious Orientals, a ha'porth of good. Oh, the lies thim omadhauns told on me was deplorable."

"They was, Tim," I says, agreein' with him for company an' good fellowship. "They was for a mortal fact. I put it in your mouth, an' you was reportin' it story about you, an' that comedian went away with his lumps well blacked."

"What was it?" asks Tim.

"He was claimin'," I says, "this guy was, that you're a dead evade duck an' stacks in a tale how Fogarty, of me ward, was blowin' his lip one night about Hugh J. Grant. This is how the felly I puts the mug on tells it:

"It was at a 'loon openin' on Third avenue," says the party, an' Fogarty gets tanked an' says 'Hugh J. Grant is the most popular man bechum the Battery and the Bronx River,' says Fogarty. 'He's as popular on Fifth avenue as he is at the points. Aint I right, Campbell?'"

"An' what does this felly you knocked out say I says to Fogarty?" asks Campbell.

"It's that I'm makin' a sneak on now," I replies. "He says you ducked an' wouldn't stand for Fogarty's question, but gets evasive an' skates round. Here's how this stiff misquotes your reply, an' it's here I gives him the tump in the chin. He says you tuk a conversation of beer an' rum, an' says on Fogarty an' shuns one as if you was dead by an' cunning—an' youse not meanin' to answer Fogarty's question at all, but merely to thrum him down an' get away—an' youse was afraid to go on record about Hugh J. Grant you remarked:

"Well, now, Fogarty, d'youse think Hugh J. Grant—an' I'm out for information myself, an' that alone—d'youse think Hugh's as popular now as he was before he danned the Irish reel with Missus Asher at the Patriarchs' ball?"

"An' it was then I gives him a belt in the map an' thrum him over. As he goes through the door, Casey, whose standin' contagious an' quite at liberty, bein' he's just drunk up his beer, lifts the sucker an' Irish upper cut with the toe of thim heavy-weight shoes of his, an' from the row I heard outside he must have landed where the cars run over 'em; so he'll make me more sport with his lies about you."

"There was one yarn they cut loose," said Tim, after well lubricated our lips to keep 'em from gettin' chapped talkin' so much; "there was one story they took the muzzle off of an' it made Hill sore on me. I don't think Miner told it, for the muffer wasn't on, it was about the christenin' of me child. You recollect, Mul, that night when I tuk down the shutters an' called in me clan?"

"It's burned into me memory," I says. "The best blood of the old Ate was present."

"They was," says Tim; "the nobility of the Old Ate an' the whole push an' pick of the Orientals. Well, this skate tellin' the story says that Dan Kennedy says to me at one p'int of the festivities:

"Tim, I alint knockin' nor beefin', but where th' ellis Hill? I've pipped th' mob for an hour, an' I don't pick out me Senator. Did youse thrum 'em an invite?"

"I'm sure I did, Kennedy," this larnin' man observed. "It be coorse I did; but you know Hill? He never goes out in sassily."

"Now, tumble t' that, Mul, for a foundationless rumorm," says Tim. "Can youse beat it, an' can youse wonder I'm werry th'